

BARBARA ALLEN's Cruelty ;

OR, THE

Young Man's TRAGEDY.

With *Barbara Allen's* Lamentation for her Unkindness to her
Lover, and Herself.

To the Tune of Barbara Allen.



IN Scarlet Town, where I was bound,
There was a fair Maid dwelling;
Whom I had chosen for my own,
And her Name it was Barbara Allen.
All in the merry Month of May,
When green Leaves they were springing,

This young-man on his Death-bed lay,
For the Love of Barbara Allen.
He sent his Man unto her then,
To the Town where she was dwelling:
You must come to my Master dear,
If your Name is Barbara Allen.

For Death is printed in his Face,
And Sorrow's in him dwelling;
And thou must come to my Master dear,
If thy Name is Barbara Allen.

*If Death be printed in his Face,
And Sorrow's in him dwelling ;
O little better shall he be
For bonny Barbara Allen.*

So slowly, slowly, she came to him,
And so slowly she came to him ;
And all she said, when she came to him,
Young Man, I think you're dying.

He turn'd his Face unto her then,
If you are Barbara Allen,
My Dear, said he, come pity me,
As I am on my Death-bed lying.

*If on your Death-bed you be lying,
What is that to Barbara Allen?
I cannot keep you from your Death,
Then farewell, Barbara Allen.*

He turn'd his Face unto the Wall,
And Death came creeping on him :
*Then adieu, adieu, and adieu to you all,
And adieu to Barbara Allen.*

As she was walking out one Day,
She heard the Bells a Ringing :

Printed and Sold at the Printing-Office in Bow-Church-Yard, London.

And they did seem to Ring to her,
Unworthy Barbara Allen.

She turned herself round about,
And espy'd the Corps a-coming :
*Lay down, lay down the Corps, said she,
That I may look upon him.*

And all the while she looked on,
So loudly she lay laughing,
While all her Friends cry'd out amain,
Unworthy Barbara Allen.

When he was dead, and laid in Grave,
Then Death came creeping to she ;
*O Mother, Mother, make my Bed,
For his Death will quite undo me.*

*Hard-hearted Creature that I was,
To slight one that lov'd me so dearly,
I wish I had been more kind to him,
In Time of Life, when he was near me.*

So this Maid she then did die,
And desired to be buried by him ;
And repented herself before she dy'd,
That e'er she did deny him.

As she was lying down to die,
A sad Feud she fell in ;
She said, *I pray take Warning by
Hard-hearted Barbara Allen.*